

109  
INNOCENCE.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Most humbly Inscribed to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

---

By ABRAHAM PORTAL,

Author of

OLINDA and SOPHRONIA, a TRAGEDY.

---

Hic Murus aeneus esto.

HOR. EPIST.

---

L O N D O N,

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TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE  
PRINCESS AUGUSTA,  
This POETICAL ESSAY

IS,

With the most respectful Deference,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED, BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR,

TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE  
PRINCESS AUGUSTA

THIS POETICAL ESSAY

WITH THE MOST RESPECTFUL DEFERENCE

HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST OBEISANT AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR

ELEGIACK ODE.

**A** H Muse! why will you thus intrude  
On my unletter'd Mind and rude,

Why urge my Bosom with poetick Fire?

Tho' you excite my Voice to sing,

Alas! can sacred Musick spring

From an imperfect Lyre?

Ah no! ah no! too plain I feel the Truth,

It crops my budding Hopes, and damps the Fire  
of Youth.

A

Ye

Ye Sons of Science, honour'd and rever'd,

Whether ye delight to rove

In *Newnam's* hallow'd Grove,

Or on the rushy Banks of *Isis* stray,

And lost in studious Thought protract the Day;

Or whether \* *Bagley's* woody Heights ye climb,

And study Nature's Beauties in their Prime,

Ev'n there, O there ! let my weak Voice be heard.

Or if, perchance, your Footsteps tread

Where *Cam* erects his rev'rend Head,

Where, leaning on his sedgy Urn,

His azure Waves around him turn,

\* A Place near Oxford.

There

There drawing from his learned Store

*Horatian* Wit, and *Attic* Rules,

Whatever the *Athenian* Schools,

Ev'n all that Wisdom taught her Sons of yore.

Ah ! then, with Pity let your Breasts be fraught

For one who thirsts to quaff th' instructive Stream,

With you t' explore each language-hidden Thought,

T' enrich his Mind from ev'ry well-wrote Theme.

But ah ! in vain

I vent my Pain ;

The Time is flown,

Nor can I now make learned Tongues my own.

Blest be ye, Bards, (O may the grateful Muse,

With soft indulgent Smiles,

Ease and reward your Toils !)

Who seek on all her Blessings to diffuse.

Ye, by whose vivid Beam I trace  
Poesy's enchanting Face  
Glowing with Grecian Fire, deck'd with each Latian  
Grace.

Hail! Dryden, tuneful Shade! whose lab'ring Hand  
Unveil'd the Beauties of the Mantuan Page:  
Hyblean Pope, all hail! at whose Command  
Shone forth sweet Homer's well-conducted Rage.

What time these precious Volumes I peruse,

Dear to the Muses, to the Poet dear,

I blest your friendly Labours, nor refuse

Your laurel'd Shades the Tribute of a Tear.

Hail, learned Francis! still exert thy Pow'rs,

Now thou hast made the lyrick Poet ours,

With

With thy golden Key unlock  
Treasures that have stood the Shock  
Of Time and Chance, and still they shine

Like *Pebus*' Beams unchang'd, with Lustre all  
divine.

Last, happy *Franklin*, hail! whose tragick Muse

Illustrious *George* does not refuse

To cherish with protecting Wing,

What Praise, great Bard, to thee is due,

Now in their genuine Scenes we view

The matchless Sorrows of the *Theban* King?

O *Sophocles*, thou hoary Sage!

How can my Soul enough admire

Thy wondrous Genius and thy wondrous Fire,

Which unabating shone a whole long \* Age?

\* *Sophocles* is said to have wrote his Tragedy of *Oedipus Colchus* at a hundred Years old.

Sweet Bird of Nature! like the Nightingale

Thou warblest out thy sadly-pleasing Tale.

Ah! but for you, kind Bards, these Tones to be

Had been but by their deathless Titles known,

Dark as the Sun to him who cannot see,

Strange as the Frost to those who tread the burning  
Zone.

Yet, O! ye Sons of *Phæbus*, do not blame,

Tho' I, unworthy of a Poet's Name,

Presume with my unhallow'd Feet to tread

The Muses' consecrated Shade:

For tho' unblam'd ye suffer me to stray,

I shall not bear one Laurel Wreath away.

Nor will I taint the pure *Castalian* Spring,

With aught that may produce

Wanton Thoughts and Wishes loose;

The chafest Muse may listen when I sing:

From my Lyre shall nothing flow;

But Sounds of virtuous Joy, or Strains of virtuous

Woe.

O that my Pow'r were equal to my Will!

How would I bear

Aloft in Air

The Hero's Fame,

And Patriot's Name;

To virtuous Deeds I'd dedicate my Skill;

But ah! my grov'ling Numbers are unfit,

Better do simplest Themes my simple Genius fit.

N. B.

Not will I mint the pure Collection Spring

With ought that may produce

Warton Thoughts and Wishes loose :

N. B. The foregoing Ode was thrown out up-

The charact' Mute may listen when I sing :

wards of two Years ago by the Author, as an

From my Life shall nothing flow

Apology for what Writings he had already been,

But sounds of virtuous Joy, or strains of virtuous

or might hereafter be, induced to publish, and

Woe.

printed in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, and is here re-

printed, judging it will not be disagreeable to his

Friends to see it joined to his present Work.

Alas in Air

The Hero's Fame,

And Patriot's Name;

To virtuous Deeds I'd dedicate my Skill;

But ah! my growing Numbers are small,

But do I humble Themes my simple Genius fit.

INNOCENCE.

N. B.

( 4 )

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# INNOCENCE.

A

## POETICAL ESSAY.

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### BOOK I.

---

**O** Ever-smiling Maid, Offspring of Heaven,  
And even with Divinity itself  
Co-eval. Ere th' angelick Quires began,  
On golden Harps to praise the sacred Source  
Of Being and of Bliss; Or ever Guilt,  
Tho' elder than this Fabrick old of Earth  
And all surrounding Skies, thou sat'st enthron'd

B

Associate

Affociate with the ever blest Supreme.

O Joy-bestowing Innocence, to thee

My Lyre I string—Parent of Harmony ;

Thee I invoke—O kindly deign to be

At once my Inspiration and my Theme.

WHEREVER, in this Labyrinth of Vice,

Thy roving feet pursue the secret Track

Of latent Virtue, whether in the wilds

Of uncorrupted Nature thou delight'st,

By haunted Forests, and Savannahs rude,

And hoary Streams, whose lonely Banks resound

With hideous Yells and all the Silvan roar,

With undefigning Ignorance to dwell :

Or rather in the venerable Sage's Breast,

Whose unfrequented Cave, solemn and dark

Thou

Thou dost Illumine : Or dost thou prefer  
 'Midst Nymphs and Swains in flow'ry Meads to sport  
 And by thy Smiles improve the Face of Joy :  
 Or lov'st thou to attend Affliction's Couch,  
 And pour thy Balm into the wounded Breast :  
 Thence I invoke thee—Do thou not disdain  
 Thy Suppliant's Prayer—O fear not to approach  
 My humble Roof : For here, no Wealth abounds  
 To swell the Crest of Pride, no Tumult rage  
 To banish sacred Peace ; no Pleasures laugh  
 At Virtue's sober Mien ; No Fav'rite here  
 Of Fortune dwells, with supercilious Gain  
 To mock thy Smiles. Nor fear, celestial Maid,  
 The Trader's fraudulent Wiles ; for sooner here  
 Shall Poverty, with her unhappy Train  
 Of meagre Wants, sharp Griefs and biting Taunts,

Take up her hated Residence; than e'er  
 Dishonest Arts shall drive her from my Door.  
 Nor let the Muse give Umbrage; tho' too oft  
 She has been found thy Poet; too oft has deck'd  
 With flow'ry Wreaths, the shameful brow of Vice;  
 Too oft has flatter'd Wealth: But ah! if mine  
 To aught but Virtue raise her moral Song,  
 Let every Note be Discord: Tho' the string  
 Lonely, and like the harmless Reebreath, tune  
 Her feeble Lay unnoted from her shrub.  
 Tho' no ennobled Patron deigns to smile  
 Upon her artless Strain, if thou vouchsafe  
 With thy enlivening Influence to cheer  
 Her honest Breast, all shall be rapt'rous joy.

*Augusta, Royal Maid, Britannia's Pride!*  
 Of all her blooming Daughters chief; nor less

In potent Beauty shining: The Praise  
 How great! where ~~the~~ omnipresent smiles  
 On ev'ry Cheek, and sways in ev'ry Eye! Not the  
 Sea-born, impure, unfaithful as its Waves,  
 Her Bosom to each bold Adventer free;  
 Whose venal Rites mistak'n *Rome*, and *Greece*,  
 Still first in Superstition, blindly paid;  
 Whose magick Censur, with contagious Vice,  
 Fir'd Gods and Men; but the whole high Decent  
 Sprang from the Fountain of celestial Sweets,  
 Supreme in Beauty, Modesty, and Love:  
 By ev'ry Grace attended, ev'ry Pow'r  
 To touch the Fibres of the manly Heart  
 With sweetly-thrilling Anguish. Well repaid  
 When to the Breast, fierce-throbbing with Desire,  
 Consenting *Hymen* gives the blushing Maid,

In

In artless Innocence bedight, and with her Charms,  
 (Basking the Pow'rs of love-taught *Nasa's* Pen)  
 Yielding the Hand unforc'd, the faithful Heart,  
 Tender, susceptible of social Joy,  
 Spring of each soft Affection, ev'ry Bliss  
 Bestowing and receiving; firm to hold  
 Th' unchangeable Ardour of well-settled Love,  
 To Anger, Envy, and each lawless With  
 Alike insensible. Thrice happy Prince,  
 By Heav'n high-favour'd, whose heroick Deeds,  
 Or royal Virtues shall inspire the Breast  
 Of bright *Augusta* with the gen'rous Flame!  
 Methinks, already, the prophetick Muse,  
 Rapt into future Times, beholds wide-spread,  
 Their God-like Issue, some in shining Steel,  
 Guiding the Storm of War, and 'midst its Rage

Shed:

Shedding soft Mercies; while the vanquish'd Foe,  
 Made by Misfortune blest, against his Will,  
 Submits to Justice, Happiness and Peace.  
 Others I see on *Europe's* regal Thrones  
 Plac'd eminent, o'er many an happy Realm,  
 The *British*, *Brunswick*, and the *Saxon* Stream  
 Of patriotick Virtues (in their Breasts  
 United happily) diffusing wide.  
 Exulting Millions, yet unborn, I see,  
 With Hands uplifted and extended Throats,  
 Blessing their equal Sway, by Heav'n ordain'd  
 Guardians of Justice, Liberty and Truth;  
 The future *Georges* of succeeding Years:  
 What means this rising Tumult in my Veins?  
 Why beats my heart? Why from the coming Ray  
 Do my dim'd Eyes avert? O'tis too much,

H. H. H.

My

My Muse! Quick, shrou'd me from the lust'rous  
 Train, and shroud me from the lust'rous  
 Left Fancy droop oppress, and let me see  
 But half their Numbers, or but half their Charms.  
 These are thy beauteous Offspring, royal Maid,  
 The Mothers, Daughters, Wives, of future Kings.  
 Then haste, slow-footed Time, thy Wings expand;  
 Lead on the golden Moments in thy Rear  
 To bless *Augusta*, and in her the World.  
 Meanwhile illustrious Fair-one, condescend,  
 With Smiles of sweet Humility, that shine  
 Above the Glare of Pride, to bless the Bard,  
 Whose Muse, tho' friendless and unknown, presumes  
 To cast an humble Offering at your Feet;  
 And with your Name to dignify his Song.

VM

Himself

Himself tho' lowly, unadorn'd his Verse,  
 Yet is his Theme, like her to whom he fues,  
 Great, good, and fair, pure as her Virgin Breast,  
 The Joy of Nature, and Delight of Heaven.

PROFUSE in Charms, O how shall I begin  
 The copious Verse ! as well my Pencil rude  
 Might paint the dazling Glories of the Sun ;  
 Glories less bright than thine, as boldly hope  
 To draw the matchless lustre of thy Face.  
 Lives there a wretch, thro' Nature's wide Domain,  
 On *Niger's* sooty Shores, or *Asa's* Wilds,  
 Or where the savage *Indian* hunts for food,  
 Where Science never trod, or Laws were known,  
 Who not admires thee ? Lives there one whose mind,  
 With more than savage Darknesh overwhelm'd,

Shrinks not at Vice, but boldly rushes on  
 To Theft, Adult'ry, Murder? Even He,  
 Like the foul Ravisher of some sweet Maid,  
 While he abuses, loves thee. Such thy Charms,  
 That ev'n in lifeless Nature, whatsoe'er  
 Wears but some Feature of thy Loveliness,  
 Thence Grace derives, and fair Esteem and Love.  
 The candid Robe of thee, all-winning Maid,  
 Hue emblematick, Angels deign to wear,  
 To mortal Eye effulgent; ancient *Rome*  
 In spotless white, external Purity,  
 Array'd her Sons of Empire, courting Sway;  
 This Liv'ry still fair Chastity delights,  
 And when the Virgin at the Altar stands  
 To plight eternal Faith, in this Attire  
 She pleases best; but seeming what she is.

Th'

Th' unblemish'd Lamb, Emblem of thee confess,  
 The holy Saviour of Mankind himself  
 Blest Angels call; when at th' Almighty Throne  
 High-minist'ring, before his sacred Feet  
 They cast their golden Crowns and fill the Vault,  
 The Saphire Vault of Heav'n with worthy Praise.

NOR was thy other hieroglyphick Fair  
 Less honour'd, when at *Jordan's* hallow'd Fount  
 The sacred Spirit, ever-blest'd, assum'd  
 Her silv'ry Form, upon the Son much lov'd  
 Descending visible. How blest the Age  
 Golden, not fabulous, but ah! too short;  
 When to thy gentle Sway, illustrious Maid,  
 All Nature yielded! then the clement Air  
 Breath'd Balsam; then no noxious Vapours rose

Baleful to Health ; no Nitre-loaded Clouds  
Burst Thunder, threatening with their horrid shock  
Confusion universal : Then the Sun,  
Great Source of Light, uninterrupted rode  
Majestick, gilding all the Azure Cope  
Of Heav'n with Splendour ; driving far away  
Heart-numbing Cold, and with his gen'rous Beams  
Rip'ning eternal Fruits. No Enmity  
In brutal Souls then lodg'd ; the harmless Lamb  
Stray'd fearless ; Wolves with Tygers play'd,  
Lyons with Bears, the timid Hart and Hare  
Had naught to fear from Fellow-Beasts or Man :  
The spotted Leopard and Hyæna tame,  
Glar'd not terrifick ; thirst of vital Gore  
The bestial Train felt not. Throughout th' Expanse  
Of the pure-bosom'd Air, the warbling Quires

Their

Their dulcet Songs attun'd, to Hill and Dale  
 Beneath, clear Spring, and odorif'rous Shade  
 Hymning thy Praise; nor fear'd the Talons keen  
 Of Kite or Eagle; feather'd Tyrants fierce!  
 Not then with poison swell'd the crested snake,  
 Or loathsome Toad, nor chang'd *Arachne* yet  
 Spread Snares insidious. Whole some Earth brought  
 forth  
 No Life-destroying Plants, *Cicuta* fell,  
 Curs'd *Aconite*, or Nightshade deadly; nor,  
 From out its secret Store-house deep and dark,  
 Gave fiery *Ars'nick*, or mercurial Bane.  
 Within his rocky Caves rough *Boreas* pent  
 Th' imprison'd Storms, nor let their Rage break  
 loose  
 To vex the foaming Surge, or on the Earth

To

To whirl Destruction. Naught abroad was heard]

But *Zephyr's* gentle Gales, from Scene to Scene

Sweet Odours wafting. Universal Peace

Throughout the Air, Earth, Sea, smil'd harmless ;

while

Enraptur'd Man, not yet offending, reign'd

Sole Lord of all, in Happiness complete ;

But ah ! he fell : from thy Dominion calm

Rashly withdrawing, and with him soon join'd,

Revolt'g Nature. Then swift vanish'd all

The Flow'rs, the fragrant Sweets, and ev'ry Charm

And ev'ry Bliss creating Paradise :

Rude *Anarchy* prevail'd, and endless War

The jarring Elements excite ; fierce Storms

Impetuous bluster, horrid Lightnings glare,

Black Clouds surcharg'd pour Torrents, Thunders

loud

Rive

Rive the firm Oaks, and rend the solid Rocks;  
 The Earth convuls'd, from her Foundation heaves,  
 And yawning Mountains from their ample Throats  
 Belch Flames sulphureous; from his polar Realms  
 Bleak Winter marches forth, with fleecy Hair  
 And Stream-arresting Rod, with Shafts unseen,  
 Deep-felt-afflicting Man and Beast. No more the

Fields

Spontaneous Harvefts crown, fertile alone  
 In Weeds, and rugged Thorns, and baneful Plants,  
 Requiring Labour much, and painful Toil,  
 To clear the Glebe and break the stubborn Clods;  
 And many an anxious Fear exciting, ere  
 Bright Ceres to the Autumn Sun displays  
 Her Life-supporting Bounty. Now no more  
 The Race quadruped to their rightful Lord

Pay

Pay due Allegiance, but rebellious turn  
 Their murder'ous Fangs and Jaws against his Life.  
 Thro' Air, Earth, Sea, fell Discord rages; Beasts  
 With Beasts engage; Birds prey on Birds; and Fish  
 Fishes devour: Nor long the human Race  
 From Rapine, Rage, and human Blood refrain.  
 By fore Experience taught, that without thee  
 Nor Happiness nor Joy long Time on Earth  
 Sep'rate reside, for thy Protection then  
 Man leagued with Man, City with City join'd, all  
 And Tribe with Tribe: Thus Nations rose,  
 And all the graceful Orders that compose  
 The Beauty, Strength and Harmony of States  
 Sprang into Birth; thence the sweet Nuptial Tye  
 Replete with Blessings, Scepter'd Majesty,  
 With all her Guard of delegated Powers,

For

For thy Protection waves the awful Sword.

O! but for thee, *Religion* ne'er had left

Her bright Abodes, to teach the Laws of Heav'n,

And point the Road of Happiness to Man.

Without thy friendly Aid we vainly hope

To taste of Bliss, Thou, the sole Spring of Joy,

Of ev'ry human Care sole Comforter.

The mimic Pow'r, who, artful, wears thy Form,

And with a specious Figure cheats Mankind,

Boasts not these Arts; to mortal Eye impervious,

High in the middle Regions of the Air,

(Whence hov'ring Spirits of malignant kind

Their baleful Influence shed, scatt'ring abroad

Lusts, Envyings, War, and ev'ry purple Plague

Upon this lower World) a Palace stands,

Or rather in the Coerule Ether floats,

D

Where

Where false *Hypocrisy* has fix'd her Seat.  
 The stately Edifice no Base supports,  
 Yet to the Eye it bears an Aspect fair,  
 Solid and firm. The Building regular.  
 With ev'ry modest Ornament enrich'd.  
 Marble it seems, with ev'ry Colour stain'd  
 That forms the Glories of the solar Ray ;  
 Tho' nought but mottled Clouds. The Front alone  
 Is thus adorn'd ; for all around, besides  
 Is shaggy, black and horrid. As the Sun  
 Shapes his diurnal Course, the shifting Dome  
 Changes its Site, and still its beauteous Front  
 His Beams opposes. Thus without appears ;  
 Within, the naked Walls are cover'd o'er  
 With various Scenery ; which, whensoever  
 The changeful *Sorc'refs* waves her Ebon Wand,

Alters

Alters to what she lifts the ample Hall.  
 Now like a goodly Temple it appears,  
 With decent Altar grac'd, and here and there,  
 In golden Lines, some wise Remembrancers.  
 Her fav'rite Demons then are quickly turn'd  
 To Devottees, herself the Priestess: Then  
 Her Mask is thrown aside, again she waves,  
 When lo! a sumptuous Theatre it seems.  
 The lengthen'd Scene her airy Dancers fill  
 With many an antick Form, Female and Male:  
 A thousand swelling Bosoms, fair-expos'd,  
 Pant to the Air; while many a Gesture lewd,  
 And Glance lascivious kindle Flames of Lust.  
 Again her ebon Rod is lifted up,  
 And all around her seems a rural Plain,  
 Herself in outward Form a simple Maid:

So modestly array'd, as if she fear'd  
 The very Winds should breathe upon her Charms,  
 So chaste her Looks, that scarcely from the Ground  
 Her sober Eyes she turns; whilst on her Cheek  
 The apprehensive Blush stands half display'd.  
 'Twere endless to recount the various Forms  
 Her Palace takes, more endless to relate  
 The num'rous Wiles which there she practices:  
 From whence descending on the Sons of Men,  
 Their Breasts she fills with every fraudulent Art,  
 Inspir'd by her, fell Cruelty can wear  
 Religion's holy Garb, and raging Lust  
 The sweetly-smiling Face of virtuous Love:  
 Curst Malice can with Friendship's Smiles betray,  
 And mad Ambition make her Country's Good  
 A Plea for its Destruction. Ev'ry Form,

That

That in the Eye of Heav'n and Earth appears  
 Most amiable, she puts on ; but still,  
 Beneath the studied Smile lurks endless Dread,  
 Remorse, and madd'ning Disappointment. O!  
 What diff'rent Fate attends the Man who boasts  
 Thee for his Guide? Unstudied Wisdom Thou  
 Thy Lore, the Peasant and Philosopher,  
 Alike may learn. O bind it to my Heart,  
 And thro' each sad Vicissitude of Life  
 Let thy eternal Comforts cheer my Soul.

How do thy Charms to ev'ry human State,  
 To ev'ry Age give Lustre? *Infancy*  
 Drest in thy Beauty shines ; and who can view  
 Without Sensations soft, the harmless Babe?  
 O lost to Goodness, lost to manly Sense,

Lost

Lost to each virtuous Feeling of the Soul,  
 Abandon'd *Herod*! Execrable Name,  
 To foist ring Mothers dire! What dastard Rage  
 Inflam'd thy cruel Breast, to draw the Sword  
 Of slaughtering War, like frantick *Ajax* once,  
 On unoffending Lambs? Ah! then was heard  
 In *Roma* bitter Cries and loud Laments,  
 Fair *Rachael's* Daughters weeping for the Fate  
 Of their lov'd Infants, now, alas! no more.  
 O horrid Fact! O weak, mistaken Prince!  
 The *King* thou feard'st shall reign o'er Heav'n and  
 Earth  
 In spite of thine and all the *Heathens* Rage.  
 So potent is the Charm of infant Smiles,  
 Tho' lost on thee, Inhuman! Beasts of Prey  
 Have soften'd at the Sight, and their swol'n Paps,

In Care maternal, fraught with milky Food,  
 Have offer'd : Thus did *Rome's* great Founder suck  
 A savage Wolf ; when, with his Brother Twin,  
 In lonely Wilds expos'd ; 'twas this that sav'd  
 The lives of *Oedipus* and *Cyrus* Great,  
 By pitying Swains preserv'd, to Glory one,  
 The other to Misfortunes, not his Due.  
 He, whose blest Life thou sought'st, tho' King of  
 Heav'n,  
 Disdain'd not on the lovely Babe to cast  
 His gracious Eye ; but oft within his Arms  
 The pleasing Innocents he took, and pour'd  
 Rich Blessings on their Heads, announcing loud  
 Of such his sacred Kingdom was compos'd.  
 Prating *Childhood* from thy pure Fountain draws  
 Its greatly-pleasing Power : What nameless Joys

Parental

Parental Dolours fill, when on the Knee

The little Pondling pours forth all its Heart?

How lovely in the Sight of God and Man

The gracious *Youth* whose op'ning Bud expands

In blooming Innocence? How apt to catch

Th' Instructive Lesson from the prudent Lip

Of sage Experience? while the candid Mind,

Unstain'd with Vice, unwarp'd by Passion's Rage,

Not without Joy, receives th' Impression fair

Of Godlike Virtue. Not the Scythe of Time,

The bad Examples of a World corrupt,

Nor all the Force of Avarice and Lust

Shall from his manly Soul have Pow'r to raise

The deep-wrought Characters. Ye Parents wife,

Who fain would see your much-lov'd Issue grac'd,

With Virtue's sacred Wreath, O fill betimes  
 The vacant Breast of Youth with Wisdom's Laws,  
 The Love of Justice, Honour, Truth, and Heav'n !  
 So shall the springing Weeds of Vice decay,  
 Nor find a Space to flourish in ; so shall  
 His Years mature your Providence repay  
 With Duty, Gratitude, and filial Love ;  
 And when, thro' feeble Age, the gay Delights  
 Of Life shall cease, his Virtues shall reflect  
 Comfort and Honour on your Life's Decline.  
 Nor speaks the Muse at random ; well she knows  
 The sacred Truth she sings, when, in the Heat  
 Of giddy Youth, thro' Pleasure's flow'ry Paths,  
 Fondly I've stray'd, how often, on the Verge  
 Of Guilt's black Precipice, have I been sav'd  
 By early-planted Virtue ? If till now,

E

The

The common Centre of the Age of Man,  
 No Action base, no Circumstance unjust,  
 Blots my fair Fame, no unrepented Sin  
 Pollutes my Soul; next to the Grace of Heav'n,  
 Blest be the Hand, the wise, the soft'ning Hand,  
 Parental! to its early Care alone  
 I owe the mighty Blessing: Yet, alas!  
 How oft, fair *Innocence*, (my blushing Cheeks  
 Confess my Shame) have I lost sight of thee?

Ah then, how joyless the surrounding Scene!  
 Thy Presence wanting! not the jocund Voice  
 Of Mirth, Wit's pleasing Edge, the Charms  
 Of social Converse, no, nor Beauty's Smiles,  
 Could from my sad remorseful Breast remove  
 The painful Melancholy. Not for me

The

The feather'd Songsters make the Skies resound  
 With artless Melody : adorn'd with Flow'rs  
 Smiles the gay Mead ; whilst from each vocal Hedge  
 The yellow Woodbine and the blushing Rose  
 Their Fragrance scatter ; but, ah ! not for me.  
 The future harvest swells ; the verdant Groves  
 In varied Shades their mingling Arms extend ;  
 Umbrage delightful ! Murmuring along  
 Its pebbly Road in soothing Cadence, glides  
 The limpid Brook : grateful to guiltless Woe !  
 The gay Parterre, Nature's Museum, shines  
 With vernal Rarities : The Tulip there  
 Her silken Foliage spreads, striking the Eye  
 With blended Tints, more various than the Flights  
 Of roving Fancy ; yet the flow'ry Tribe  
 A thousand Beauties boast as fair as she.

But future Harvests swelling, nor the Groves  
 Delightful Umbrage, drest in varied Shades  
 Of pleasing Verdure; nor the limpid Brook  
 In soothing Cadence murm'ring; no, nor all  
 The vernal Rarities the gay Parterre,  
 Nature's Museum, shews, could give my Soul  
 The Relish of Delight. Ah! then I found  
 Joy was not made for Guilt. With earnest Tears  
 Thy Absence I deplore, with earnest Step  
 Sorrowing I sought thee; never sought in vain.  
 Smiling thou cam'st, and to my Mind restor'd  
 Serenity and Peace: then Mirth and Wit  
 And social Converse charm'd, and Beauty's Smiles  
 Gave Rapture: then the artless Melody  
 Of Birds could please, the flow'ry Meads delight,  
 Nor bloom'd in vain the Woodbine and the Rose;

The

The Charms of Nature then inspir'd my Soul  
 With Wonder, Extasy, and sacred Praise.

Does *Infancy*, does *Youth* alone contend  
 To wear thy Ornaments? not so, bright Maid,  
 Still more thy Beauties deck *maturer Age*,  
 And *manly* Wisdom, like some radiant Star  
 Shines the bright Hero, who amidst these Clouds  
 Of moral Darkness spreads thy Glories wide:  
 At his Approach, the ugly Monster Vice,  
 Shrinks at his own Deformity, and flies  
 T'Hypocrisy for Shelter: Health and Fame,  
 And Peace and Joy, and universal Love,  
 And ev'ry Virtue wait upon his Steps.  
 Can Vice and Fraud, and Av'rice load their Sons  
 With sensual Pleasures, Grandeur, Pow'r and Wealth?

Granted

Granted they can. But sensual Pleasures cloy,

And lead to Sickness, Poverty, and Shame :

Grandeur and Pow'r are but the Shades of Bliss,

And Wealth can never heal the aching Heart.

This *Florie* found; in Youth's gay Prime, adorn'd

With sprightly Wit, and ev'ry manly Charm,

Nor Wealth nor Titles wanting: but, alas!

Fair *Innocence*, he sought not thee. Inflam'd,

(He cry'd) ' What boots to me the strong-brac'd

Nerve

' Of lusty Youth, the sprightly Charms of Wit,

' The Wealth of *India's* or *Potosi's* Mines,

' Or Pomp of noble Ancest'ry, if I,

' Like Age or Poverty, must live confin'd

' To Virtue's rigid Rules? No, let me taste

' Life's sweet Delights, now while the Blood runs

high.

And

And all around conspires to give me Bliss.  
 By specious arguments awhile compos'd,  
 Reason dissented not. Now Riot rous'd,  
 The jolly God his Ivy Garland winds  
 Around his Brows; while unrestrain'd, keen Wit  
 His feather'd Shafts lets fly, at all alight,  
 Reason, Religion, Virtue. Now Debauch,  
 Tir'd of herself, ranges from Place to Place  
 In search of Objects new, t'enflame her Lusts,  
 To satiate her Desires: In vain she roves,  
 In vain repeats the same dull Pleasures o'er  
 Which erst transported: where she seeks for Joy,  
 She meets Disgust. Now from his pallid Cheeks  
 Health's vivid Colours fly, and in their stead  
 A haggard Leanness overspreads his Face:  
 Esteem and Honour, with respectful Bow,

No

No more attend upon his op'ning Gates;  
 A Levee base of Pimps and Parasites,  
 Or angry Duns, await his Presence; then  
 Awak'd his Reason: but, in Youth untaught  
 Aright to look for Bliss, again he err'd:

‘ At length (he cry’d) my open’d Eyes perceive,  
 ‘ Pleasure attends not on the Midnight Bowl;  
 ‘ Nor follows she, observant, the wild Maze  
 ‘ Where mad’ning Frolick leads her noisy Dance;  
 ‘ Nor dwells she always with Companions lewd,  
 ‘ Nor in the venal Smile and cold Embrace  
 ‘ Of publick Courtezans: No, Love alone  
 ‘ (Love free as Air, by nuptial Ties unfor’d,  
 ‘ Its glowing Ardour catching from the Flame  
 ‘ Of Nature’s Lamp) can give unpall’d Delight.’  
 Resolv’d his new Experiment to try,

His Revels he forsakes, discards his Crew, nor  
 Of drunken Rioters; and at the Feet  
 Of fair *Florella* breathes his am'rous Vows,  
*Florella* was to humbler Station born,  
 Nor fortunate in that; on which the Peer  
 His flatt'ring Hopes had built; but by the Care  
 Of Parents excellent; tho' now no more;  
 Her Heart was well acquainted with the Laws  
 Of virtuous Innocence. Lovely her Form,  
 As ever fir'd the Breast of glowing Youth  
 To its undoing. Deep in *Florio's* Heart  
 Love fix'd his Shaft; but knowing well the Maid  
 Was chaste as fair, he cloth'd his artful Suit  
 In tend'rest Guise, and Honour's spotless Garb,  
 Lulling Suspicion; till the Fair-one's Eyes  
 Sparkled a soft Confession: then the Youth,

In flow'ry Eloquence and Accents soft,  
 As Zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the roseate Bow'rs,  
 Thus gloss'd his soul Intent. *Queen of my Heart,*

• Amidst a thousand Fair, most charming thou,

• Amidst a thousand Chaste, most virtuous:

• Never did Lover equal Ardours feel,

• Never had Lover Cause. How poor the Maid,

• In Wealth and Titles rich, compar'd to thee!

• Curse on the venal Youth, who weds for aught

• But sacred Love; well he deserves to feel

• The poignant Stings of matrimonial Strife.

• Ah! why has Priestcraft forg'd those hated Chains

• To shackle freeborn Souls? Can Rings of Gold,

• Or empty Forms of ceremonial Words,

• Virtue to Vice, or Vice to Virtue change?

• Or where their Magick to secure the Heart

Against

‘ Against Inconstancy ? Behold, Sweet Maid,  
‘ The Tenants of the Air : how faithful they ?  
‘ Yet no Restraint these tuneful Lovers know,  
‘ They chuse from Nature, and their Bond is Love.  
‘ Thus let us live, above the vulgar Ties  
‘ To vulgar Passions suited : Love like mine,  
‘ Fed by a kind Return, shall flame till Death ;  
‘ Whilst wedded Lovers surfeit on forc’d Sweet,  
‘ And sink t’ Indifference.’ Thence with bold  
Embrace,  
He seiz’d the Fair, not doubting the Effect  
Of his fine-spoken Tale : But she with Rage,  
And conscious Dignity, inspir’d, broke loose,  
And with a scornful Frown address’d him. ‘ Know,  
‘ Audacious Lord, tho’ poor *Florella* boasts  
‘ Nor Wealth nor Titles ; yet she boasts a Mine

; Can purchase Bliss, when Wealth and Titles fail—  
 ; A guileless Heart. Had you with Honour woo'd;  
 ' It had been yours; tho' to a Shepherd's Crook  
 ; Your Coronet were chang'd. Such as it is;  
 ' Some honest Man may think it worth his Love,  
 ' And such alone shall gain it.' Here she cast  
 Upon th' astonish'd Petr a farewell Glance,  
 Which spoke Disdain unspeakable—and fled.

Florio was struck. Conviction for awhile  
 Flash'd on his Mind. So awful Virtue's Frowns.  
 But Pride recoil'd; and now he has Recourse  
 To fordid Artifice: A thousand Wiles  
 Of Fraud or Flatt'ry vainly he essay'd;  
 So cautious was the Fair. At length, by Force  
 He gain'd her to his Pow'r: and, just about  
 To seize that Bliss, which Virtue cannot grant;

The desp'rate Maid (preferring Innocence  
 To guilty Life) forth from its Scabbard snatch'd  
 His Weapon keen, and plung'd it in her Breast.  
 Then, all at once, Love, Guilt, Remorse, Despair,  
 Burst on his Mind; a mad'ning Horror seiz'd  
 His agitated Brain, and made him feel  
 The Pangs reserv'd for unrepented Crimes.  
 He grasp'd the reeking Sword, and would have made  
 Those Pangs eternal: but in-rushing Friends  
 Preserv'd his Life. Pardon he durst not ask  
 Of Heaven, or her; premeditated Guilt,  
 Like his, had banish'd ev'ry Glimpse of Hope.  
 The bleeding Maid his Agonies beheld,  
 And, guiltless of Revenge, with pitying Eyes  
 And Accents thus address'd him— '*Florio,*  
 ' Compose thy Mind; thy Inj'ries I forgive;

' My

' My Pains, I plainly see, are less than thine ;  
 ' And such would be, tho' they should lead to Death ;  
 ' But ah ! my Coward Arm has been too weak  
 ' In Virtue's Cause : Yet learn from hence, rash  
     Youth,  
 ' Florella scorns to live, her Honour stain'd,  
 Return'd the Peer, in weeping Penitence  
 Abash'd ; O heavenly Maid ! canst thou forgive  
 ' So base a Wretch ? And dost thou still survive  
 ' To beam inspiring Virtue on my Soul ?  
 ' I would not suffer such another Pang,  
 ' To gain a whole long Life of guilty Bliss.  
 ' But O ! my Friends, bind up, with tend'rest Care,  
 ' The Fair-one's Wounds, and interceed, if yet,  
 ' Tho' greatly undeserving, she may deign,  
 ' When Health returns, to bless me with her Hand.

' Were

• Were I the Lord of half the subject Globe,  
 • I could not taste of Bliss, should she refuse  
 • To share my Throne." The wounded Maid, with  
 Eyes

Pleasure thro' Pain expressing, not return'd  
 A scornful Answer, leaving room for Hope:

For ah! too well her Heart had always lov'd  
 The faithless Lord, who, wholly alter'd now,

Each Day gave Proof of Penitence sincere,

And virtuous Love. Shortly, her Health restor'd,

Deserv'd Success his worthier Passion met:

In over sacred Ties their Hands and Hearts

Were bound, and *Floris* tasted Joy. Whence, but

From thee, all-shining Maid, shall drooping Age

Draw Reverence, draw Comfort? When grey Time

Has o'er each former-pleasing Object cast

His

His Mantle dun, and Mirth and Wit have lost  
 Their wonted Charms; when the slow creeping Blood  
 Scarce animates the Frame; and the deaf'd Ear  
 Soft Musick's thrilling Note hears without Joy;  
 When the Lute's speaking Strings discordant seem,  
 And ev'n the God-like Muse wakes not the Soul;  
 When o'er the human Countenance divine  
 Deformity prevails, and clean outworn  
 Is ev'ry pleasurable Trace; then Thou  
 With graceful Silver canst the hoary Head  
 Clothe ven'erable; then can thy pleasing Smiles,  
 Reflected back from Youth to welcome Age,  
 Sooth ev'ry painful incidental Woe,  
 And charm the Horrors of approaching Death.

*The END of the FIRST BOOK.*

# INNOCENCE.

## POETICAL ESSAY.

### BOOK II.

**F**IR'D with the glowing Theme, again my  
Muse

Snatches her Lyre; much she has left unsung,

Much she must leave; tho' she should stretch her

Song

From Day's prime Dawn, till bright-ey'd *Venus* leads

To Fields of Azure the Hesperian Train.

As once, 'tis fabled, on fam'd *Ida's* Mount,  
 Three blooming Godeffes to mortal Eye  
 Discover'd heavenly Forms : so on my Sight,  
 My ravish'd Sight, do thou, fair *Innocence*,  
 With Radiance more than all the three could boast,  
 Celestial Beauties beam, and teach the Muse,  
 Strongly impress'd, to draw the Charms she feels.  
 Already she hath shewn (tho' faintly shewn)  
 What Lustre they reflect on ev'ry Age  
 Of human Life ; how much on ev'ry State  
 Now she would shew. Without thy cheering Smiles,  
 What shining Fate, however prosperous,  
 Can give Content ? and bless'd with them, what  
 Chance,  
 Howe'er perverse, howe'er unfortunate,  
 Can make us wretched ? Should our happy Lot  
 Beneath

Beneath fair Plenty's richest Horn be fix'd,  
 From Want, Oppression, and the various Ills  
 That wait on Poverty, exempt; ev'n there,  
 Thy Palm th' enobling Coronet outshines  
 The envied Garter, or the Laurel Wreath.  
 How truly blest'd the Man, who, grac'd with  
 these,  
 Is still more grac'd by thee! As on the Brow  
 Of some high Mountain stands a Cedar tall,  
 Monarch of Trees, his tow'ring Head erect  
 The Clouds molesting; spreading wide his Arms,  
 Loaded with verdant Honours, while  
 Amidst his shelt'ring Branches sing the Birds;  
 Beneath his grateful Shade the Flocks repose,  
 The Pride and Blessing of the rural Wild.

Such is his Usefulness, his Glory such.  
 Should he, beneath his Monarch's fav'ring Hand,  
 Largely partake of delegated Pow'r?  
 He knows no Pride; no painful Envy burns  
 Within his Breast at those more favour'd: He,  
 Urg'd on by Virtue, not Ambition, climbs,  
 Without a Fear, Promotion's dang'rous Heights.  
 Are Honours grateful to him? 'tis because  
 His great Example then more glorious shines.  
 Is Pow'r his Wish? it is but to extend  
 His large Capacity of doing good.  
 Not more his Wealth a Blessing to himself,  
 Than all Mankind: He, like the grateful Earth,  
 With ev'ry Flow'r adorn'd; with ev'ry Fruit,  
 With all Things estimable, all Things rare,  
 By bounteous Heaven enrich'd, not for himself

The

The boundless Treasure hoards; but wide around  
 Diffuses Food and Raiment, Joy and Health.  
 O heart-felt Rapture ! exquisite Delight !  
 Sole Happiness on Earth unflinching ! That  
 Of doing good ! when the full-swelling Soul  
 Can comprehend the universal Range  
 Of human Beings, and with one vast Wish  
 Boundless, unalterable, ever first  
 In all her glorious Thoughts, to guide,  
 Inspire and regulate her Acts, can seek the Good  
 Of all her Fellow-creatures. Maid Divine,  
 (No fabulous Inspirer thou, tho' now  
 By me first call'd to aid the Poet's Song)  
 Say, for thou best can'st tell, O whence the Source  
 Of this divine Philanthropy ? O teach  
 My ardent Breast, and ev'ry list'ning Ear,

The great, the Godlike Transport to acquire!

Hark! from yon fleecy Cloud of shining white

Soft Harmony descends; while not a Breeze

Ruffles the serene Air; the Lark has still'd

Her warbling Note, outdone; sweet Philomel

Her Plaint forbears; mute are the bleating Flocks,

Attentive stand the frequent-lowling Herds,

And dumb; check'd is the brawling Brook, nor

chirps

The verdant Grasshopper with ceaseless Creek;

Great Nature listens—and a solemn Pause

Thro' all her Works observes; while, still and

sweet,

The heavenly Voice of Innocence is heard.

• Easy and short, O Man, the sacred Rule

• To gain this glorious Gift, no more than this—

The

To

- To follow me, So shall th' etherial Soul,
- Freed from the cumbrous Load of guilty Cares,
- Of Avarice, Pride, and all the Clogs of Sense,
- Divested happily, to one great Point
- Make all her Actions tend; in Thought and Deed
- To honour her Creator: Gushing thence,
- As from a Rock, the bounteous Stream descends
- Of blest'd Benevolence on all Mankind.
- To love the Image of his God on Earth
- Is Man's best Service, best accepted Praise.
- She ceases—and the wide-extended Choir
- Of Nature with Applausive Notes resounds.
- Not such his Bliss within whose guilty Breast
- Thou deignest not to shine. - He, like the fierce
- And savage Ruler of the Silvan Herds,

Is Stranger to the soft Delights that flow  
 From conscious Rectitude and social Love.  
 Like him, alas ! he knows no Pow'r but that  
 Of doing Hurt : proudly he stalks along,  
 And marks his Way with Rage, Oppression, Blood.  
 Honours, to him, are not the Source of Joy ;  
 Angelick Heights are all too low for Pride :  
 Rolls he in Riches ? what can they bestow  
 On Minds untranquil ? happier far is he  
 Who, tho' possess'd of nothing, Nothing wants,  
 In thee enjoying all Things ; happy State  
 Of guiltless Poverty ! Boasts the proud Peer  
 His 'proider'd Canopy and filken Bed,  
 Where his unwearied Limbs oft' toss in vain,  
 In search of sweet Repose ? the lab'ring Hind  
 Smiles at his Vaunt ; he lays him down to rest

Beneath

Beneath the glorious Concave of the Sky,  
 In Nature's flow'ry Lap his weary Limbs  
 Reclining: O, how grand his Canopy!  
 His Bed how fair! no Cares his Sleep prevent,  
 But round his peaceful Temples play bright Dreams  
 And golden Slumbers. Boasts he of his Ease,  
 Exempt from Labour? whence the Pain of Toil,  
 But from the Mind's Anxiety? The Mind  
 Of Innocence is always calm, the Mind of Guilt,  
 Howe'er exalted, like the troubled Wave.  
 Ah! then who labours most? tho' in his Hall,  
 Pamper'd and proud, awaits a servile Train,  
 For State than Use more kept: the humble Clown  
 Brighter Retinue far attends. Celestial Hosts  
 Encamp around the Dwellings of the Just,  
 On sacred Service bent. Or should he boast

H

His

His sumptuous Palace, curiously adorn'd  
 With all the Cost of Art? what can it more  
 Than shield him from the Air? The Peasant's Cot,  
 Warm-thatch'd, can do as much; and, when adorn'd  
 By Cleanliness and thee, content as well.  
 What tho' the Scene around, the Hills, the Dales,  
 Vocal with lowing Herds and bleating Flocks,  
 What tho' the lofty Woods and yellow Fields,  
 Wide waving; tho' the lucid Stream, that winds  
 Its Food-fraught Current thro' the verdant Meads,  
 He cannot call his own; yet he, perhaps,  
 May more enjoy them than their haughty Lord.  
 Thence He, by Toil unpainful, can procure  
 For all his real Wants Supplies; and thence,  
 Thro' each revolving Season of the Year,  
 From Nature's ever-varied Stores can draw

Rich

Rich Luxury of Bliss, without Remorse:

'Tis true, Celestial Maid! thou canst not shield

Thy faithful Vot'ries from the cruel Hand

Of fell Disease: yet once thou couldst; but ah!

Man, foolish Man, seeking for other Bliss

Than thou bestow'st, that Blessing forfeited.

Oh had he kept his Eye upon thy Charms

Firm-fix'd; then should he ne'er have known Toil,

Pain,

Disease, or Death; but thou his never-ending Days

With one eternal Smile hadst crown'd. Could'st

thou,

In these our guilty Times, have stretch'd thine Hand,

To save from cold Corruption, then had I

Ne'er felt the Pang acute of parting Love:

Then my lov'd Fair, upon whose Count'nance shone

Thy Beauties, Heav'n delighting, ne'er had drank  
 The bitter Cup of Death. Thou conscious Moon!  
 And all ye rolling Orbs, whose piercing Eyes  
 Pervade the Midnight Gloom! how oft' have Ye,  
 When ev'ry Voice was hush'd, and ev'ry Eye,  
 But that of Grief, was clos'd, beheld the Throbs  
 That heav'd my love-lorn Bosom? Say, how oft'  
 Have ye beheld the flowing Tears, that kept  
 My Eyelids waking? Even now (tho' like  
 The Man of Uz, my former Joys are all  
 In kind restor'd) oft' in the social Hour,  
 When Cheerfulness, not unallow'd by thee,  
 Exhilarates my Breast, a sudden Damp  
 O'ercasts the Beams of Mirth; her Image pale  
 Rises within my Mind, and unobserv'd  
 The trickling Woe descends; nor will I blush

For oh! she was what'er could charm the Soul,  
 Fair, virtuous, and affectionate; my Youth's  
 First Wish, and later Reason's Choice; my Heart's  
 Sole Pride, sole Joy, and most endearing Wife.  
 To thy blest Memory, sweet Saint, my Love  
 No pompous Monument of Stone can raise:  
 But if this Verse could equal thy Deserts,  
 Thy Charms, like those of chaste *Penelope*,  
 Or *Daphne* fair, should live beyond the Date  
 Of Brass or Marble. Yet altho' thy Pow'r,  
 Bright *Innocence*, does not so far extend  
 As erst it did; ere thy infernal Foe,  
 The Foe of Man and Man's Creator, crept  
 Into thy happy Bow'rs, with baleful Breath  
 Blasting the Tree of Life, whose vital Fruit  
 Thou, and thou only, couldst administer

Successful:

Successful : Still, thy sacred Precepts lead  
The surest Way to Health, Life-crowning Ease,  
And rev'rend length of Days. Thrice happy He,  
Whose Tent is pitch'd, during his Sojourn here,  
Within the temp'rate Zone of human Life,  
Distant alike from the wild Heats that rage  
Beneath the glowing Line of haughty Wealth,  
And the chill Blasts that bind the crystal Springs  
Of Joy and Comfort, where the frozen Pole  
Of Poverty is elevate; for tho'  
Thy Charms can make the barren Desert smile,  
Thy Breath can cool the fervid Beams of Pride,  
Or hotter Lust; yet oft'nest do we trace  
Thy sacred Vestige in the Middle State  
Hail, happy Station! Situation blest!  
Most blest! by Wisdom's ancient Sons right nam'd

The *Golden Mean*, within thy happy Climate  
 Dwells Ease, dwells Freedom, social Pleasures dwell:  
 There Love his golden Shafts employs, there lights  
 His brightest Fires; by Woe's salt Streams un-  
 quench'd,  
 By stately Pride unquell'd; there Thou, my Muse,  
 And Glory of my Song, thy earthly Throne  
 Hast fix'd, pre-éminent; fast by the Side  
 Of Virtus, heav'nly Queen! who here vouchsafes  
 Her glorious Presence. Blest Religion here  
 Shines frequent; whilst around her Seat  
 Graces divine, and Christian Charities,  
 In Works of Love abounding, clápe their Wings.  
 Here no Temptation enters, save what breeds  
 In the foul Heart of Man; no anxious Fear  
 Of future Want; yet no swollen Fulness leads

T'Inter-

T' Intemperance, or Impiety : here Space  
 Is left for Hope, without which Life flows on  
 Like a dead Calm, smooth, but inanimate  
 And dull. Here may my Lot be fix'd, midway  
 From all Extremes, in all that can admit  
 Of an Extreme. Not Rich, nor Poor, nor Great,  
 Nor Mean, weak-minded, nor too wise, as thro'  
 A Glass beholding human Frailties. Not  
 Despisd, or hated, nor the Idol Theme  
 Of popular Applause. Let not my Heart  
 Be steel'd against a suffering Brother's Cries,  
 Nor yet too soft, susceptible of Pain  
 From ev'ry slight Impression. Be my Mind  
 With sober Cheerfulness indu'd, in Grief  
 Compos'd, in Joy not elevate : my House  
 Proportion'd to my State, in rural Scenes

Retir'd,

Retir'd, nor solitary: With me here in vault o' T  
 Dwell Piety, dwell Love, Friendship, and Peace;  
 Nor let the Heart-enlarging Muse desert  
 My humble Seat; and thou, blest *Immaculate*!  
 Watch o'er my Happiness, and guide my Steps.  
 O! how shall I describe thee, heav'nly Fair,  
 Where most thou charm'st! in thy pure native Seat  
 Of chaste Virginity! thy Radiance such,  
 Not the dread Majesty of Heav'n disdain'd,  
 In sufferable Shade, to visit thee.  
 Here all thy Beams unite: all Mortals know  
 Of Powers Angelick shines: Mind harmless, clean,  
 Unruffled; Joy untainted, Love unfeign'd,  
 Free, holy and immaculate. Kind Pow'r  
 To bless; to injure none. Harmonious Voice  
 Soft-ravishing, worthy to be ador'd

To Heav'n's high Praise: by Light on Earth  
 Dwell Pity, dwell Love, Friendship, and Grace;  
 Or equal Form divinely fram'd, and  
 With all created Excellence soft, fair,  
 Perfection'd exquisite: Grace in each Limb,  
 Moving or resting: Countenance adorn'd  
 With Flow'rs of Paradise, the vernal Bloom  
 In Earth's cold Gardens war'd, and none so gay:  
 With Sweetness inexpressible, and Eyes  
 Darting celestial Fires: in beauteous Pomp,  
 Their native Dignity and modest Fears  
 Play blended, there, bright Love's fierce-beaming  
 Ray  
 And sweet pathetic Tenderness  
 In soft Effusion mixt: whilst on her Brow  
 The awful Sanctities of Virtue raise

High Veneration, let my low Desire  
 Far banishing, Thus Man's first Patamour, with  
 Shame Splendent: Thus, that highly-favour'd Maid  
 Whose Virgin Womb the Deity possess'd  
 Incarnate; thus, if equally ador'd  
 By thee, might many a lively blooming Maid  
 Of this blest Isle, in Beauty far surpass  
 Thy fair Destruction, Cicio's potent Charms;  
 Or Love's unfaithful Goddess, Worthier Praiser  
 The Roman Virgin, (sacred be her Name  
 To latest Ages) who t' avoid the Lust  
 Of Tyrant Appia, by paternal Hands  
 A willing Victim fell; in Youth's full Bloom,  
 Matchless in Beauty, Virtue, Innocence,  
 O curst Guilt, with thy defaming Train,  
 Pride, Anger, Envy, and each vain Conceit,

Of all, but Selfishness, and shameful Cov'ring  
 How, with thy raucous Influence, could thou war  
 Against the fairest Workmanship? And how should  
 What cunning Workcrates can supply the Place  
 Of beautifying Innocence? What Paint  
 Can blot the vermeil Blush, or taint the soft  
 Confusion of the cheek? What common Oil  
 Whiten the Mind, with Passions foul distill?  
 What studied Ogle can express the Look  
 Of artless Love, or simply enchanting? True,  
 Good Honours, can't illustrate well  
 Virtue's Superiority. The Beasts  
 Were hardly from their grassy Beds uprisn,  
 To graze the luscious Turf, the jocund Birds  
 (As I by Three inspects, were hardly got  
 In private Quarters join'd, and Joy's hail

Bright Dawn's earliest Beam; which soon began  
 Over the rising Hills to paint a glowing scene  
 A Field of Quinces; at the sight which drew  
 Aurora from her golden Chamber with new  
 (Too late to see the last Sluggard's Sign)  
 But not before the red Hand had been sent  
 Refreshing Nectar and pellucid Wine  
 On every fragrant Tree, Shrub, Plant, and Flower,  
 Which now, with mingled Sweets exhorted, the Air  
 Perfum'd; when, then, illustrious Youth, with wit,  
 With Love of Science, and the Power  
 Of immortal Nature, hast'ning down  
 From his high seat, in all his Works  
 View'd the great Order, and without  
 Rapturous Devotion, and ecstatic Joy  
 Wings, and kept within the Olympian Shell,

Not far remote, with more than common Strides,  
 A warbling Nightingale, lifting her Lay, in O  
 Pour'd forth harmonious: The ravish'd Youth, A  
 With wary Step and list'ning Ear, approach'd  
 The vocal Grove, curious, perchance, to see T  
 The little Artist, from whose mellow Throat, and  
 Such Musick issued, or from whence the Cause  
 Of such unusual Joy. His Marvel cess'd, O  
 When, underneath the woven Bough, on which  
 The Bird sat chaunting, he espied a Maid, in P  
 Than youthful Fancy's brightest Dream more fair.  
 On the damp Ground she lay, as if from thence  
 As lovely, & like just spring, that seem'd to shed  
 The fainter Colours of all those that bloom'd, in V  
 Attendant round her, Balm Sleep had clos'd  
 Her love-fraught Eyes, her Beauty lasting not,

But adding rather to her numerous Charms  
Superior Innocence: Her Cheeks, that glow'd  
With Roses not terrestrial, were distain'd  
With recent Tears; yet on her Countenance dwelt  
Serene Composure, and sweet-smiling Peace.  
She look'd as if some pleasing Dream employ'd  
Her scatter'd Senses. At a Sight so rare,  
So exquisite, *Monro* stood amaz'd;  
Admiring much the Maid, much wond'ring how  
At such a Time, in such a Place, she chose  
Her decent Limbs to rest; and, as he gaz'd,  
Resistless Love (which oft in vain he'd sought  
Amongst th' Assemblies of the modish Fair)  
Now enter'd uninvited. As a Bird  
Within the fascinating Vortex drawn  
Of some fell Rattle-snake's alluring Eye,

The

The Youth stood fix'd, unable to withdraw  
 His eager Glances, To enflame him more,  
 The fresh'ning Breeze from half her Bosom mov'd  
 The modest Lawn, discover'ing Charms, the Nymph,  
 Waking, had ne'er discover'd, The vivid Snow  
 (Not to be view'd with moderate Desire)  
 Stir'd in his manly Breast unknown Alarms,  
 Ah! then, fond Youth, strong Proof thy Virtue felt,  
 Strange Thoughts and wild, tumultuous in thy Breast  
 Arise: Glad Demons fan the guilty Flame,  
 Suggest each fav'ring Circumstance, how all  
 Concur—the Maid unguarded, and the Place  
 Retir'd. The Youth, to Vice untrain'd, nor wont  
 To harbour lawless Passions, with Amaze  
 Feels the slack Rein from Reason's Hand nigh fall'n,  
 Virtue expiring, and his raging Mind

To Folly bent—trembling he stood—he paus'd—  
 When gracious Heav'n, still watchful to protect  
 The Couch of helpless Innocence, nor less  
 The Strength of Virtue struggling with th' Assault  
 Of dire Temptation, strait to other Thoughts  
 More worthy, more humane, sudden disposed  
 His wav'ring Mind—for soon with other Eyes  
 He view'd the sleeping Maid; nor less admir'd;  
 But marking well, diffus'd throughout her Charms,  
 The lovely Impress of a guiltless Mind,  
 His gen'rous Breast a noble Pity felt—  
 Hence virtuous Awe; back he recoil'd, and shock'd  
 With Horror at himself. As *Cadmus*' Seed,  
 When in the Stream reflective he beheld  
 His branching Antlers and quadruped Form:  
 Who, daring to invade the close Recess

Of holy Chastity, with bestial Shape  
 Was punish'd; to his own fierce Dogs a Prey  
 Becoming, When at length these Words broke  
 loose.

Were all those heav'nly Graces form'd to tempe  
 Man to thy Ruin? Surely, no. Shall I, to please  
 A wayward Fancy, in a Moment blast  
 Those Beauties that enchant me? Or, can Love  
 By Inj'ries of the blackest Die display  
 Its tender Motions? Blest be Heav'n's good Grace,  
 That now with-held my almost guilty Hand  
 From such black Testimony. No, sweet Nymph,  
 A nobler Task my Love assigns me: I will join  
 Thy guardian Angels in their sacred Charge  
 Sleep on secure; thy Bed I will protect,  
 Not violate; and if thy virtuous Mind

Be such as thy bright Form pourtrays, not long  
 Shall it be criminal in me to hope  
 All happy Love can give. But ah! I fear  
 The dewy Zephyr will affect thy Breast  
 With some sad Malady: O! let me shield  
 Thy tender Beauties from the noxious air.  
 With that his Cloak upon the slumbering Nymph  
 Gently he laid, each soft Temptation from  
 His greedy Eye close covering. The Birds  
 That, whilst the rash and guilty Transport fir'd  
 His youthful Breast, not sung, or he not heard,  
 Now with redoubled Lay, in Concert full,  
 Made all the Grove resound, and chiefly He,  
 The charming Warbler, whose melodious Song  
 The Youth's first Steps invited, now renew'd  
 His Notes with double Joy; as if, like Heav'n,

Rejoic'd at Man's return to Virtue's Paths,  
 Their Musick shrill the Maid awak'd; who, when  
 She saw her Cov'ring new, and by her Side  
 A Man stand guardant, all confus'd arose,  
 Blushing inimitable; then her Eyes  
 The Youth first saw, where seem'd a charming Strife  
 'Twixt bright and sweet, which most should domi-  
 nate.  
 She would have fled; but he too deep had drank  
 Of Love's delicious Draught, thus to resign  
 His blissful Hopes; by gentle Force restrain'd,  
 Her stay he thus intreated — ' Charming Maid,  
 ' Ah! do not fly, no Danger here awaits;  
 ' Witness that Garment on thy fenceless Charms  
 ' I gently laid, lest from the dewy Breeze  
 ' Some Inj'ry should befall thee: First relate,

' To my fond Heart, what happy Mother claims,

' Such fair Disposal, and by what strange Chance,

' (Happy to me, tho' to thyself I fear,

' Not so) at this untimely Hour of Morn,

' I find thee on such ill-befitting Bed,

' Thy tender Limbs reposing. Trust me, Fair,

' (My Name *Homeria*, you perchance e'er now

' Have heard it mention'd, in these neighb'ring

' Plains

' No Stranger) much my Heart desires your Love,

' Your Welfare.' — Here a Pause ensu'd: for well

She knew him Lord of all that ample Track,

With Name still fairer than his fair Estate,

For virtuous Deeds renown'd. His graceful Form,

And still more graceful Kindness, in her Breast,

Rais'd soft Alarms. She knew not what to say,

Not

Not what to hope: when thus return'd the Youth:  
 'Why that Confusion sweet, that downcast Eye,  
 'And meaning Silence? If too much I told  
 'In naming Love, still let my Friendship claim  
 'A gentle Answer. Sir, (the blushing Maid  
 Recovering answer'd) 'often have I heard  
 'Your Goodness prais'd, your Condescension sweet,  
 'By her who bore me, and by many more  
 'Who bless'd your Bounty; tho', till now, my Eyes  
 'Were never Witnesses to it. But since Chance  
 'Has made me thus the Object of your Care,  
 'What you descend to ask, as Duty bids,  
 'I shall inform you; tho' the Tale is such,  
 'As must some Pain excite in telling, and  
 'In hearing. Here a Flood of Tears burst out,  
 With which the good *Honorio* not disdain'd

To sympathize, and thus pursu'd the Nymph.

' Lucia my Name, seven mournful Days ago

' Daughter to good *Constance*, but, alas!

' An helpless Orphan now. I need not tell

' What fair *Repose* she bore, her little Farm,

' E'er since my Father's Death, with frugal Care

' Well managing, which with the kindly Help

' Of some blest Benefactor, tho' unknown,

(Obedience here she made, and o'er her Face

A deeper Crimson flush'd; nor he unmov'd

At the Detection seem'd) maintain'd us both

' In comfortable *Dotage*. But, since

' My most lamented Loss, a cruel Man,

' (T'whose Care our Farm is left) pretending Love,

' With cringing Actions and deceitful Words

' Seeking my Ruin, finding his false Suit

' Prove

' Prover intellectual, now resolv'd to try  
 ' A blacker Method, to obtain by Threats  
 ' What Flattery could not win. Last Night he  
 ' came,  
 ' But not as wont, with guileful Speeches smooth  
 ' To crave my Pity, but with barbarous Rage  
 ' Demanding all that to his Lord was due,  
 ' Which well he knew my want of Pow'r to pay.  
 ' I begg'd a short Delay: He sternly reply'd,  
 ' His Lord's Commands were urgent, and he must,  
 ' Upon Refusal, seize my little All;  
 ' But if, indulgent to his guilty Love,  
 ' I would a Title to his Friendship gain,  
 ' The Debt he would himself discharge, if not,  
 ' Late as it was, I should immediate seek  
 ' Another Roof for Shelter. I refus'd

' Prove

His

' His foul Proposals, and the cruel Man  
 ' Made good his Threat'nings. Fearing some Design,  
 ' I rambled wide, for Guidance trusting Heav'n.  
 ' When, quite outworn with weeping and Fatigue,  
 ' Within this Grove I laid me down; till Morn  
 ' Should shew me where I was. Here gentle Sleep  
 ' My Suff'rings calm'd; and you, kind Sir, have  
 ' deign'd  
 ' To be my Guardian. O continue still  
 ' Your worthy Patronage; and tho' my State,  
 ' Too low and grov'ling, must forbid all Thoughts  
 ' Of what your Goodness utter'd, give me leave  
 ' To be your Handmaid, and with faithful Care  
 ' All virtuous Service to perform. ' In Mind  
 ' And Person equal, (charm'd *Honorio* cry'd)  
 ' What Fortune cannot give, and I till now

L

' I have

'Have vainly fought, thou dost present me with:

'Beauty and perfect Innocence conjoin'd.

'Consent to be my Wife, and here I swear

'By ev'ry holy Tye to make thee mine.'

She curtsied silent; but her sparkling Eyes

Spoke Gratitude, spoke Love, and Tenderneſs

Ineffable. *Honorio* raptur'd caught

Within his arms the all-bewitching Fair,

And from her Lips, not artfully with held,

Sip'd heav'nly Nectar and ambrosial Joy.

How frail is human Transport! O how short

The Lover's Joys! how endless are his Woes!

If thou, bliss-giving Maid, refuse to grace

The nuptial Bed, and, with thy lasting Charms,

The soft Connection bleſs: but where thou deign'ſt

To dwell refulgent, there, on golden Wings,

Rise gay Delights, and ev'ry heart-felt Joy,

Divided Cares there lessen, and fond Bliss

United swells to Rapture, No Distrust

Foul and ungenerous, no jarring wills,

No Peace-destroying Feuds, no sep'rate Good

Pursu'd or hop'd for, dare to interrupt

The blest Tranquillity. The early Lark

With his Sky-charming Song awakes the Pair,

By thee inform'd, to envy'd Happiness

And the late Nightingale melodious sings

Epithalamiums sweet each welcome Eve,

Or tuneful serenades their waking Hours,

Not joyless; blest with nuptial Concord sweet,

How nearly to empyreal Bliss ally'd!

Where happy Angels quaff immortal Draughts

Of Innocence and Love. In ancient Lore

'Tis fabled, that *Medusa's* horrid Front  
 Turn'd all who saw to Stone. How diff'rent thine!  
 Thy Potence how reverse! thy Aspect bright,  
 Benign and lovely, wheresoe'er it shines,  
 Softens the hardest Hearts and hardest Fates,  
 Makes Sorrow smile, Misfortunes not severe,  
 Beguiles the Hour of Pain, and all the Ills  
 Of human Life converts to Blessings rich.  
 At sight of thee, th' insatiate Monster Death,  
 Upon his pale Horse stalking, from his Hand  
 Th' envenom'd dart down drops, the Law's sharp  
 Curse,

And sinful Man's sole Terror: from his Cheek  
 The ghastly Horrors fly, and placid Smiles  
 O'erspread the lean Deformity. How blest  
 The Man, who, at the Hour, awful, and big

With

With all that Nature dreads, upon his Breast  
 Can lay his dying Hand, and boldly lay  
 To Heav'n and Earth; witness against me now,  
 If e'er my Soul in Thought, in Word, or Act,  
 With study'd Malice or opprobrious Guile,  
 Has wrong'd my Neighbour. Witness if my Heart,  
 Impure and lustful, ever sought to stain  
 The Virgin's Honour, or to climb the Bed  
 Of foul Adult'ry. Witness thou high Pow'r,  
 Who gav'st me Life, and who art now about  
 That Blessing to resume, if I have ceas'd  
 Throughout the Hours, the Days, the Years which  
 Thou  
 Hast here allotted, to adore thy Name;  
 And, tho' oft sinning, oft repenting, still  
 With my best Strength to keep thy sacred Laws.

Witness

Witness thou holy Saviour of Mankind,  
 If I have dar'd in my own righteous Acts  
 To place my Confidence, and not implor'd  
 Thy pow'rful Mediation. His pure Soul,  
 Of future Bliss assur'd, unmov'd and calm  
 Shall quit this turbid Scene, and on their Wings  
 Bless'd Angels shall to Regions bless'd convey  
 The disencumber'd Spirit; where his Breast  
 No Passions foul shall rend, no guilty Scenes  
 Invite to torture, or his eyes offend  
 With Vision execrable: no Remorse  
 With necessary Pangs afflict, and Groans  
 Deep-felt, unutt'able. Th' Oppressor here  
 Shall find no Room, who o'er his Innocence  
 In this dark Vale insulting, triumph'd. Here  
 Thou, Celestial Maid, shalt lead him forth

To Streams of Joy perennial, there to dwell,

In Garments white array'd, with Spirits just

Made perfect, and t' enjoy Communion sweet

And high, with Patriarchs holy, Martyrs bold

In patient Innocence, Apostles blest,

And all the glorious Hierarchy of Heav'n;

With beatifick Vision rapt, to join

The happy Throng, and at the sacred Throne

To hymn eternal Praises. O my Soul,

Now, while the Transport fires me, let my Harp

Be strung to him, the everlasting God,

Yet, Mystery amazing! Son of Man;

Who deign'd on Earth of perfect Innocence

Sole pattern to appear. O! ever blest'd,

In whatsoever Name delighting most,

Let me adore thee. Son of the most High,

Eternal

Eternal Word, by whom the Heav'ns and Earth,

Were call'd to Being, dread *Emmanuel*,

Great Prince of Peace, Almighty Love Divine,

Saviour of Man, Most Holy *Jesus*! at

The gracious Name let the redeemed Earth

Bow low, and Heav'n's bright Quires adoring bend:

Son of the Royal Hymnist *David*, He

Whose potent Harp could from the raging Mind

Drive ev'ry evil Influence; who, what time

To Heav'n's high Praise he sang, could make

Air, Earth and Sea, with all therein contain'd,

In holy Worship join; or to the Chords

Prophetick utter wond'rous things of thee.

O might I snatch from his most hallow'd Flame

Some living Spark! so haply might my Song

Sound not discordant in thy gracious Ear.

May

May I, the lowest of thy subject Flock,  
 Lift up my Voice unflinching, whilst I strain  
 At Angels blissful Labours—thy great Praise.

What Man, what Seraph, what Archangel bright  
 Can tell thy glorious Acts? since thou art God  
 From all Eternity, and what they are  
 They to thy Bounty owe. In thy fierce Wrath  
 How terrible! when thou incens'd didst drive  
 The Rebel Potentates from Heav'n's pure Light,  
 To dwell in utter Darkness. In thy Love  
 O how adorable! In thee how shone  
 The Brightness of thy Father's Pow'r! when thou  
 Rod'st forth creative to thy six Days Work,  
 This universal Frame, sublime, complete,  
 With vegetative Life and animal,  
 Fulfill'd. Then from the Dust thou form'dst

M

Thy

Thy Creature Man: In thine own Image form'd,  
 Honour'd and sanctify'd, and by thee made  
 Lord of this lower World. O! teach my Soul  
 Often to meditate her own high Worth,  
 Nobly to scorn the little Baits of Sense,  
 And soar to its great Author. Nor does here  
 Thy wond'rous Love desist; but, rolling on  
 Thro' Ages infinite, with Providence  
 Unerring still preserves the glorious Works  
 Which thy right Hand hath made: and when fal'n

Man

Thy sacred Image had defac'd, and broke  
 Thy Father's holy Laws, how didst thou check  
 Black-Hell's malicious Triumph! even Sin  
 Subservient to thy Glory making. Then  
 Heav'n's bright Inhabitants amaz'd beheld

Thy Grace unfathomable; deigning now  
 From thy blest'd Father's Bosom to descend,  
 From Bliss divine, ineffable, supreme,  
 A Creature's Form to wear, and from the Womb  
 Of an unblemish'd Virgin to begin  
 Thy Life of matchless Sorrows. In that Hour  
 Angels rejoic'd for Man, and all the Skies  
 With loud Hosanna's rang. How did abound  
 Thy Righteousness, thy Love, thy Glory! when  
 The Blind with Rapture saw thy Face divine,  
 The Cripple leap'd for Joy, the helpless Sick,  
 Trusting in thee, were holpen; when the Dead,  
 At thy high Call awaking, thee confess'd  
 Sole Lord of Life. How far above all Praise,  
 In thy great Act redemptive, soar'd thy Grace!  
 When thou, at whose commanding Voice await

Myriads of shining Ministers, didst yield  
 To Sorrow, Shame and Death, for sinful Man;  
 So thy great Father's Will, thy Offer free  
 How didst thou triumph o'er the dreary Grave,  
 When uncorrupted thou didst burst its Chains,  
 And spring again to Day ! Ascending high,  
 Captivity led'st Captive, for lost Man  
 Obtaining Blessings rich, Grace, Pardon, Peace,  
 And everlasting Joy : humbled before,  
 To be exalted now above all Thrones,  
 Dominions, Principalities and Pow'rs ;  
 That at thy mighty Name both Heav'n and Earth,  
 And deepest Hell, Subjection low should yield.

What Words can speak ? what sacred Strains  
 express

The fervent Breathings of a grateful Heart,

Smit

Smite with due Sense of thy amazing Love,  
 O never, never, let my Soul forget  
 Her Saviour's Benefits! but in each Hour,  
 Each Act of Life, in Thought, in Word, in Deed,  
 In Youth, in Age, in Trouble and in Joy,  
 Still let thy Praise be ever in my Mind  
 A Source of sweet Delight.—And thou, bright Orb  
 Celestial, who in Light unsuff'able,  
 Like thy Almighty Maker, dwell'st enthron'd,  
 Witness, when from the Orient thou display'st  
 Thy Beams refulgent, if my inmost Soul  
 Bless not the ever-gracious Hand that form'd  
 Thy golden Tresses; and when thou dost draw  
 Thy flaming Chariot down the steep of Day,  
 And from th' Horizon Occidental shew'st  
 But half thy glorious Face, if I neglect

To honour him whose Pow'r directs thy Course  
 Diurnal, annual, and with grateful Thanks  
 Confess his daily Blessings. All ye Lights  
 Nocturnal, and innum'able, that dance  
 Height above Height around Night's Silver Queen,  
 Witness, when in the wakeful Hour I view  
 Your sparkling splendours, if my Soul not lifts  
 Her Eye to her Redeemer, dwelling far  
 Above your shining Houses. Witness all  
 Ye lofty Hills with waving Forests crown'd,  
 Ye humble Vales, soft Scenes of sweet Delight,  
 With od'rous Flow'rs and never-dying green  
 Richly adorn'd; ye ever-warbling Brook,  
 Herds, Flocks, and chaunting Birds;  
 Ye bearded Fields with Heav'n's full Bounty fraught,  
 Ye Trees that bend with rich Variety

Of golden Fruitage, Vines luxuriant,  
 That, round the humble Habitation oft  
 Of Poverty and Innocence, your Arms,  
 With swelling Clusters heavy-laden, twine,  
 Offering your Draught nectareous to his Lip  
 To sooth his Cares, and fill his Heart with Joy  
 Witness all Nature, when your ample Store,  
 Your Blessings numberless, and boundless Gifts,  
 Enraptu'd I contemplate, if my Soul  
 Swell not with Love intense to him who gave  
 Her mental Pow'rs, and, gracious, for her Use  
 Thus lighted up yon Arch, thus fill'd this Globe  
 With all Things ornamental, useful, good:  
 And to ensure her Bliss to endless Date,  
 By his own great Example taught—to live,  
 To die; and when to native Clay returns

This

This mortal Frame, thro' him, assur'd to be  
 Of Resurrection glorious. If, Great God,  
 In this my feeble Worship I have err'd,  
 Thro' Weakness, Ign'rance, or Presumption, O  
 Pardon th' unwilling Fault, and deign to accept  
 My Heart's best Offering; and throughout my Life  
 Still let thy glorious Pattern guide my Steps  
 To Innocence, to Holiness; that when  
 In awful Majesty thou shalt descend  
 Great Judge of Quick and Dead, before the Hosts  
 Celestial, Myriads bright and numberless,  
 Thy great approving Voice may then pronounce  
 Thy Sentence beatifick, final, just.

**E N D**